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SONOMA, SONOMA COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1896.

NO. 11.

SONOMA INDEX-TRIBUNE.

PUBLISHED SATURDAY MORNINGS.

H. H. GRANICE, Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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 SIX MONTHS (in advance) 1.50

ADVERTISING RATES.

Square of 20 lines, first insertion \$1.00
 Each additional insertion up to four 1.00
 Each subsequent insertion .50

Yearly and quarterly advertisements inserted at reasonable prices—a liberal reduction on the above rates being made.

CHURCHES.

CATHOLIC—Father Whyte will celebrate Mass on week days at 7 a. m. On Sundays Mass will be celebrated at 8 a. m. and 10:30 a. m. Services on Sunday evening at 7:30 p. m.

CONGREGATIONAL—Rev. C. E. Chase, Pastor. Services every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 12:15 p. m. Prayer meeting on Wednesday at 2:30 p. m. Young Peoples' Society of Christian Endeavor meets at 6:30 p. m. every Sunday.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—Rev. O. E. Hotle, Pastor. Preaching every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7:15 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. Young Peoples' Society of Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Sunday.

SOCIETIES.

SONOMA LODGE, No. 23, I. O. O. F.—Meets in their hall every Saturday evening at 7:30 p. m.

TEMPLE LODGE, No. 14, F. & A. M.—Meets in Masonic Hall on the Saturday and before the full moon in each month.

PUEBLO LODGE, No. 108, A. O. U. W.—Meets first and fourth Tuesday evenings of each month in Odd Fellows Hall.

REBEKAH DEGREE LODGE, No. 99, I. O. O. F.—Meets in Odd Fellows Hall on second and fourth Thursdays of each month.

SONOMA PARLOR, No. 111, N. S. G. W.—Meets every Monday evening at Odd Fellows Hall.

ORDER OF EASTERN STAR, Valley of the Moon Chapter, No. 85—Meets in Masonic Hall Thursday evenings on or preceding the full moon.

YOUNG MEN'S INSTITUTE, No. 45—Meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in Odd Fellows Hall.

SONOMA GROVE, No. 75, U. A. O. D.—Meets in Odd Fellows Hall the first and third Friday evenings of each month.

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 ANCE OFFICE in City Pavilion, So-
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 Transacts a
 General Banking Business.

Deposits received and Collections mad-
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 mission.
DAVID BURRIS, F. T. DUHRING,
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EAGLE HOTEL
 MAIN STREET, Santa Rosa. One-half
 block from Courthouse.

The Best \$1 a Day House in
the City.

Good Large Rooms, Clean Beds,
 Meals 25c. Rooms 25c and 50c.
 Board and Rooms by the Week \$5.

Special Rates to Families, Jurors
and Persons Attending Court

Satisfaction guaranteed. J. ROBINSON.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think
 of something new? We want ideas! We
 want ideas! We want ideas! We want
 ideas! We want ideas! We want ideas!
 Write JOHN WIDENBERG & CO., Patent Attor-
 neys, Washington, D. C. for their plan and
 list of two hundred inventions wanted.

WANTED: Several trustworthy gentle-
 men or ladies to travel in California
 for established, reliable house. Salary
 \$750 and expenses. Steady position. En-
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 envelope. The Dominion Company, Third
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MISCELLANEOUS.

OVERWORK

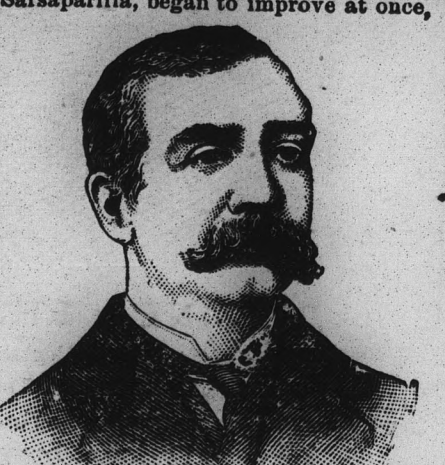
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Nervous Prostration

Complete Recovery by the Use of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

"Some years ago, as a result of too close attention to business, my health failed. I became weak, nervous, was unable to look after my interests, and manifested all the symptoms of a decline. I took three bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, began to improve at once,



and gradually increased my weight from one hundred and twenty-five to two hundred pounds. Since then, I and my family have used this medicine with the best results, a fact which we attribute to Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I believe my children would have been fatherless today had it not been for Ayer's Sarsaparilla, of which preparation I cannot say too much."—H. O. HINSON, Postmaster and Planter, Kinard's, S. C.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

RECEIVING MEDAL AT WORLD'S FAIR.

AYER'S PILLS SAVE DOCTOR'S BILLS.

This Is Your Opportunity.

On receipt of ten cents, cash or stamps, a generous sample will be mailed of the most popular Catarrh and Hay Fever Cure (Ely's Cream Balm) sufficient to demonstrate the great merits of the remedy.

ELY BROTHERS,

66 Warren St., New York City.

Rev. John Reid, Jr., of Great Falls, Mont., recommended Ely's Cream Balm to me. I am emphatically his statement. "It is a positive cure for catarrh if used as directed."—Rev. Francis W. Poole, Pastor Central Pres. Church, Helena, Mont.

Ely's Cream Balm is the acknowledged cure for catarrh and contains no mercury nor any injurious drug. Price, 50 cents.

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 in
 Prices

I have marked down every-
 thing. I know how to buy and
 I know how to sell. If any-
 body else sells what I sell for
 less money than I sell it, tell
 me and I'll mark it down
 again.

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Sonoma, Cal.

CATARRH

is a
 LOCAL DISEASE
 and is the most common
 sudden climatic changes.
 For your Protection
 we positively state that this
 remedy does not contain
 mercury or any other injur-
 ious drugs.

Ely's Cream Balm
 is acknowledged to be the most thorough cure for
 Nasal Catarrh, Cold in Head and Hay Fever of all
 remedies. It opens and cleanses the nasal passages,
 protects the membrane from colds, restores the sense
 of taste and smell. Price 50c. at Druggists or by mail.
 ELY BROTHERS, 66 Warren Street, New York.

Scientific American
 Agency for
 PATENTS

For information and free Handbooks, etc.,
 write to
 J. W. WIDENBERG & CO., Patent Attor-
 neys, Washington, D. C. for their plan and
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LINES.

(Freely enlarged from Victor Hugo).
 Like a tiny glint of light piercing through the
 dusty gloom
 Comes her little laughing face through the
 shadows of my room.

And my pen forgets its way as it hears her
 putting tread.
 While her prattling treble tones chase the
 thoughts from out my head.

She is queen and I her slave, one who loves
 her and obeys.
 For she rules her world of home with imper-
 ous baby ways.

In she dances, calls me "Dear!" turns the
 pages of my books,
 Throned herself upon my knee, takes my pen
 with laughing looks.

Makes disorder reign supreme, turns my pa-
 pers upside down,
 Draws me calligraphic signs, safe from fear of
 any frown.

Crumples all my verses up, pleased to hear
 the crackling sound,
 Makes them into balls and then—flings them
 all upon the ground.

Suddenly she sits away, leaving me alone
 again
 With a warmth about my heart and a brighter,
 clearer brain.

And, although the thoughts return that her
 coming drove away,
 The remembrance of her laugh lingers with
 me through the day.

And it chances, as I write, I may take a
 crumpled sheet,
 On the which, God knoweth why, read my pa-
 per's fancies twice as sweet.

—N. B. B. in London Spectator.

A DECEPTION.

To this day I live in perpetual fear of
 meeting him, indeed I am continually
 haunted with the belief that he is scouring
 the earth for me, thirsting for re-
 venge, and that is why I shun the
 haunts of men and live a solitary, se-
 cluded life, only venturing out at dusk
 and wearing a beard (which doesn't suit
 me) and blue glasses (which I don't
 need) as a means of disguise. Of course
 it should never have happened. I admit
 that. A word of explanation and all
 would have been well, and I should not
 now be living with the sword of Damoc-
 les hanging over my head. But I let
 the opportunity slip and plunged myself
 into an intrigue which may yet end in
 bloodshed.

It began with a very simple mistake
 on my part. I was lounging on the pier
 at Easton one fine morning in Septem-
 ber, listening to the grand selection
 from the "Bohemian Girl" (they play
 this every day at Easton) and watching
 the promenaders, when my eyes fell on
 a young lady who was sitting in a quiet
 corner reading a novel. I could not see
 her face, for it was hidden by a crimson
 parasol, but her general appearance at
 once told me that it was Flo Beresford,
 one of the prettiest girls I know, and,
 inwardly congratulating myself, I rose
 and crossed to her.

So absorbed was she in her book that
 she did not hear me approach, and to
 attract her attention (I know her very
 well) I playfully tapped the sunshade
 with my paper. She looked up in a mo-
 ment, and then, to my horror, I saw I
 had made a mistake; it was not Flo,
 but a stranger.

I stood paralyzed, trying to frame an
 apology, but before I could get the
 words out I was amazed to see a lovely
 smile of evident recognition and a still
 lovelier blush overspread a charming
 face.

"This is a surprise. When did you
 come? But there, sit down."
 Now, I know that this was where I
 made the fatal error. It was evident
 that I had a double, and equally evident
 that she was mistaking me for him.

I knew I ought to have undeceived
 her, to have murmured a few words of
 apology, raised my cap and gone away,
 but I did not do this. Perhaps it was
 her eyes or her mouth or her hair. I
 don't know. But, anyway, she drew her
 skirts aside, and I sat down.

"What made you come so—so sud-
 denly?" she asked.
 "What?" then recovering myself.
 "Why, you, of course." She blushed
 divinely.

"Couldn't you wait for my answer?"
 she murmured softly.

"No," I said, "I couldn't."
 She turned over the pages of her novel
 in abstracted fashion. On the fly leaf
 I caught sight of some writing—"To
 Lucy from George," and the date.

Then a sudden inspiration struck me.
 I bent my head close to hers, so close
 that a stray tress of her brown hair
 brushed my cheek.

"Lucy," I whispered, almost putting
 my lips to her shell-like little ear, "what
 is your answer?"

She laughed.
 "Wouldn't you like to know?" she
 said. "I posted the letter this morning."
 "In—answer to my letter?" I put
 in, taking a step in the dark.

"Yes, in answer to your letter. And
 you'd have said it tonight."
 "And as it is I've missed it."
 "Yes, you've missed it."
 "But you'll tell me what—what you
 said?"

She bent her head and toyed with
 the tassels of her parasol. She was very
 lovely.

"I've half a mind not to—just to
 tease you," she murmured.
 "Do you want to drive me distract-
 ed?" I cried.

A ripple of laughter came from her
 rosy lips.
 "You see if you'd only waited!"
 "But I—I couldn't wait. Lucy, you
 will tell me?"

"Not—not now."
 "When?"
 "To—tonight perhaps."
 "Here, here."

Then I wondered what it was he had
 asked her. It seemed to me that it could
 only be one thing, but—Ah, I had it.
 "Have you kept my letter?" I asked.
 "Kept it? Oh, George, yes. Why, I

have it here," putting her hand to her
 breast.
 "Just—or—let me have a look at it a
 moment."

"Let you? Oh, so you want to draw
 back, do you? Well, you can if you—"
 "My darling, I!"

"George, forgive me. Of course I
 know. There it is."

"I was about to say," I observed as I
 took it, "that I only wanted to see if I
 had spelled necessary with one o or
 two."

She opened wide her eyes.
 "Necessary?" she said. "Why, there's
 no such word in the letter."
 "Isn't there?" I murmured. "Let me
 see."

Yes, I read it, but I don't think it
 would be right to let any one else do so.
 My theory was correct, however.

"I am wrong," I said, as I returned
 it to her. "I didn't use the word."
 "I knew you didn't."

There was a pause.
 "And—you don't want to draw
 back?"

"Not for worlds," I cried recklessly.
 "Draw back indeed."

We talked of many things after that.
 She told me about her mother, who was
 an invalid, it appeared.

"And I shan't be able to come out
 this afternoon," she said, "but you'll
 come up and see mamma?"

I hesitated a moment—only a mo-
 ment.
 "Yes," I said. "But do you know—
 it's very funny—but the fact is I've ac-
 tually forgotten where you're staying.
 Ha, ha!"

"Oh, you stupid boy! South Parade,
 of course."
 "Of course. Number?"

"Eleven."
 "To be sure."

"Mamma will be so pleased to see
 you."

"I shall be pleased to see mamma,"
 I responded.

The band had ceased playing now,
 and I saw her off the pier—saw her
 home, in fact.

"This afternoon then?" she said
 brightly as I bade her good morning.

I said yes, but I did not mean it.
 No, I had resolved to let the matter go
 no farther. Up to this point it had sim-
 ply been a very innocent joke. But it
 should end.

Hang it, you know it wasn't right!
 In fact, it was dishonorable. I—well,
 then I thought of her answer and what
 it was likely to be, and—well, at 3
 o'clock I was sitting in the front draw-
 ing room at No. 11, sipping tea and
 talking to a very charming old lady who
 welcomed me as a son.

Lucy accompanied me to the door
 when I took my leave.
 "What time shall I call for you?" I
 asked.

"Seven."
 "I shall live in torture till then."
 "No, you mustn't live in hope," she
 replied, and then she disappeared.

I was there at 7. She was ready. She
 put her arm through mine quite confi-
 dingly, and we walked down the pier.

Our corner was vacant, and we sat
 down. Her eyes were very bright, and
 her cheeks were flushed. It was a mild,
 warm evening. The sea splashed lazily
 on the golden sands, and the band played
 a dreamy waltz.

"Have you forgotten?" I murmured
 as I took her hand.

"Forgotten?"
 "Your answer?"
 She was silent.

"Lucy, what is it? Speak! This—this
 suspense is killing me."
 "I think I did it pretty well. There
 was a decided thrill of genuine passion
 in my voice."

The fact is, I believe I loved her.
 "It's—it's a word of th-three let-
 ters," she murmured.

"Of three?"
 "George, is my hat straight?"
 This was after—the band had
 played three waltzes and two descriptive
 pieces, and it was time to go home.

I saw her hand, of course, and we
 lingered at the gate another half hour.
 "I may tell mamma?" she whispered
 softly as I released her.

"Yes, do," I said.
 After all, what did it matter?
 Then I suddenly felt the pressure of
 her lips to mine, and the next moment
 she had vanished. And as I walked
 back to my hotel smoking a cigarette I
 thought what a pleasant evening I had
 spent.

Alas! I never saw her again. I should
 have met her on the pier the next morn-
 ing, but I did not do so. I don't think
 I say I don't think—I should have
 done so in any case, but the real reason
 why I didn't was this:
 As I came down the next morning I
 met a gentleman on the stairs who was
 so like me that we might have been
 twins.

It was "George."
 What did I do? Why, promptly pack-
 ed my portmanteau and took train to a
 remote village in Scotland. I often won-
 der now if he ever found out. Of one
 thing I am certain. She would not tell
 him.—St. Paul's.

SAND SUCKERS.

Old Hulks That Are Profitably Utilized
 In a New Industry.

As the steamers pass along St. Clair
 flats, between Lake Huron and Detroit
 river, the passengers see numbers of old
 hulks anchored off in shallow water and
 invariably ask the steward or one of the
 deck boys what they are there for. The
 answer always is given in a gruff and
 contemptuous tone, as if it were a fool's
 question:

"They're sand suckers."
 "What's a sand sucker?"
 "Old tubs that suck up sand."

"How do they suck up sand?"
 Then the oracle looks at you and
 grins. He doesn't quite know whether
 you're a farmer yourself or are geying
 him, and it takes a great deal more
 questioning to find out the fact that the
 answer always is given in a gruff and
 contemptuous tone, as if it were a fool's
 question.

The bottom of Lake St. Clair and the
 flats that surround it are covered with
 beautiful white sand, and these boats
 go out every morning, anchor in a fa-
 vorable place near the channel, and
 drop overboard large hose pipes of can-
 vas or rubber, with iron tips, which
 sink to the bottom and suck up the sand,
 which is pumped going and suck up the
 sand, which is deposited in the bottom
 of the boat. The sand sinks, and the
 water rises to the surface and returns to
 the river through holes pierced for its
 accommodation. Thus, before sunset
 the hatches are filled with pure, clear
 sand at a nominal cost, which is un-
 loaded at the docks at Detroit and sold
 for building purposes.

In early
 of Frenchmen who made a business of
 gathering this sand and hauling it to the
 city, but they had to work very
 hard because of their ignorance of hy-
 draulics and their lack of boats. They
 poled and rowed up flatboats, which
 they would fill by jumping overboard
 in shallow water and shoveling in the
 sand. They would work a month with
 the water up to their waists and not get
 as large a cargo as a modern sand sucker,
 operated by two men, can pick up in a
 single day.—Chicago Record.

SUGAR NOT INJURIOUS.

The Idea That It Destroys the Teeth Is
 Ridiculed.

A writer in the Contemporary Re-
 view devotes most of an article on
 champagne to the popular idea that
 gout is produced by the sugar contained
 in that drink. The paper is "not a
 medical paper," but the writer brings
 forward considerable evidence to show
 that champagne has nothing to do with
 the production of gout, and in an aside
 speaks of that other popular notion that
 sugar destroys the teeth. He says:

"In corroboration of the fallacy of the
 sugar and gout idea it may be men-
 tioned that the still more reprehensible
 dogma, from a sanitary point of view,
 that sugar ruins the teeth is equally
 false. Indeed, how the idea ever came
 into existence is a mystery, seeing that
 the flaccid, whitish and sugary brought
 found in the mouths of negroes brought
 up on sugar plantations, who from the
 earliest years upward consumed more
 sugar than any other class of people
 whatever. Those at all skeptical of the
 value of this fact have only to look
 around among their personal friends and
 see whether the sugar eaters or the
 sugar shunners have the finest teeth,
 and they will find, other things being
 equal, that the sugar eaters, as a rule,
 have the best teeth. The only possible
 way for accounting for this belief against
 sugar seems to be by supposing that it
 originated in the brain of one of our
 economically disposed great-grandmoth-
 ers at the time when sugar was 3 shil-
 lings a pound in order to prevent her
 children gratifying their cravings for
 sweets at the expense of the contents of
 the sugar basin."

She Sang Crouch's Song.

"The death of poor Crouch," says an
 English correspondent of the Baltimore
 Sun, "brings to mind a pathetic inci-
 dent which occurred at one of Mile. Ti-
 tienne's concerts in the opera house at
 New York in 1876. The famous singer,
 as an encore, sang 'Kathleen Mavour-
 neen,' the only time she did

INDEX-TRIBUNE

SONOMA, OCTOBER 10, 1899.

THE LEGISLATURE AND THE U. S. SENATORSHIP.

At the coming election two Assemblymen are to be elected in this county—one from the Seventeenth and the other from the Sixteenth district. This reminds us that in years past voters have drawn political lines too close in selecting members of the Legislature, with the result that in many cases political vagabonds are sent to Sacramento to make our laws when in fact they are only fit to manipulate spittoons in the Assembly chamber. Legislators of this stripe can always be found voting on the side of the "sack."

One of the principal causes of these fellows being able to secure seats in the Legislature, which of late years has become noted for its corruptness, is the partisan cry of the place-hunter and politician of "a United States Senator to be elected." This generally brings out a strict party vote, regardless of the fitness of the candidate to sit in our Legislative halls. The result is the "sack" gets in its work, millionaires are sent to the United States Senate, vicious legislation is rampant, good laws are repealed and bad ones adopted. So corrupt has the Legislature of California become of late years that it is no longer looked upon in the eyes of many people as an honor to be a member of that body.

Were it not for the partisan cry of "a United States Senator to be elected," which throws the people off their guard, honest, representative farmers, business and professional men could be sent to Sacramento to make our laws. As before stated this is the cry of the chronic place-hunter and pot-house politician. He usually secures a seat in the county convention of his party and is a candidate for the Legislature. When placed in nomination he will proclaim in stentorian tones that he is for so-and-so, United States Senator, and vociferates the cry until the polls close on the day of election. Why? Because, nine times out of ten, he is one of the retainers of a local "boss" who is "standing in" with an aspirant for Senatorial honors. When such a man as this is sent to the Legislature the interests of the people must be subservient to the ambition of the Senatorial aspirant.

Therefore, voters should not be misled by this Senatorship plea into casting their ballots for a man regardless of his qualifications for the office. Let them select the best man, it matters not what his politics may be, to represent them in our Legislative halls. If this be done they will secure honest, capable and conscientious members to make our laws and likewise select a representative man for the United States Senate.

The City Trustees.

The City Trustees met in regular session last Wednesday evening, a full Board being present.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved and the usual monthly bills passed.

Trustee Hartin of the Water Committee reported that no further work had been accomplished since the last meeting and that he had been informed that Mrs. Cutter and Mrs. Emparan intended improving the Vallejo water works.

On behalf of the Street Committee Trustee Hartin stated that he had made an agreement with Supervisor Thompson that the city should have a bridge built on Germany street and charge one half of the expenses to Sonoma county.

A number of bids, with plans and specification, were received by the Board for building a bridge on Fourth-street East. On motion of Trustee Poppe, seconded by Trustee Bulotti, further consideration of the bids was laid over until October 13th at 8 o'clock, P. M.

The City Clerk was authorized to advertise for proposals for a new bridge on Germany street. The bids to be opened at the next regular meeting of the Board.

On motion of Trustee Hartin \$50 was appropriated for graveling Fifth-street East.

The following bills were allowed and ordered paid: J. E. Robin, salary, \$15; L. Breitenbach, labor \$1; Wm. H. Switzer, graveling \$11.37.

The Board then adjourned.

The Eagle Hotel, Santa Rosa, gives special rates to families, jurors and persons attending court. See ad.

Subscribe for the INDEX-TRIBUNE if you want to get reliable local news.

EXEMPTING MORTGAGES FROM TAXATION.

The Petaluma Courier of the 5th inst., has the temerity to come out flat-footed in favor of exempting mortgages from taxation as is provided in Amendment No. One to the State Constitution, which will be voted on at the coming election. The Courier asserts editorially that "the mortgage tax is the meanest form of putting power into the hands of the capitalist," and wants the law repealed. The editor of the Courier evidently does not know what he is talking about. Has he forgotten the strenuous efforts made by the money-lenders of California to defeat the passage of the New Constitution, adopted eighteen years ago, just on account of that very provision which he now wants repealed? If that provision was such a good thing for the money-lenders we would like to know why they were so anxious to defeat it when the New Constitution was voted upon. The mortgage tax is one of the most just provisions of our State Constitution and should be allowed to stand on our statute books for all time to come.

When the New Constitution was adopted, which embodied the mortgage tax among its many other excellent provisions, the rate of interest in this State was 10 and 12 per cent, and the borrower in addition to paying this exorbitant interest had to pay the mortgage tax as well. Now interest rates vary between 5 and 9 per cent and the lender pays the mortgage tax, which is nothing more than just and proper.

The repeal of the mortgage tax would impose a double burden on the farmer who has a mortgage on his ranch. The rate of interest would remain the same and in addition he would have to pay taxes on the full assessed value of his farm.

On the other hand the banks and individual money-lenders in the State would save thousands upon thousands of dollars in taxes which would have to come out of the pockets of the already overburdened farmer who has the misfortune to have a plaster on his hand. By all means vote against Amendment No. One. It has nothing more or less for its object than to make the rich richer and the poor poorer.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should not be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

Word comes from all quarters that the neatest and most satisfactory dye for coloring the beard a brown or black is Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

The Tyranny of the Desk.

We will suppose that your occupation is sedentary—that you are chained, so to speak, to the desk in some counting house, or perhaps to the loom in some vast mill where you are compelled to labor from morning till night. Sunday is your only day of relaxation. You return home every evening wearied mentally and bodily. Your health and strength begin to fail. What will most effectually recuperate your vital energy? The weight of evidence points to no other conclusion than that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is your safest, most reliable sheet anchor. Use it persistently, and your system will soon regain its pristine vigor. Every function will receive a healthful impulse. There is no remedy to equal the Bitters for nervousness and want of sleep, dyspepsia, constipation and biliousness. It averts and remedies all forms of malarial disease, and is a preventive of rheumatism and neuralgia.

Graining in the very latest style—Call on H. S. Gutermute, 713 Washington St., Petaluma.

Somoma Feed Mills,

Spain st., North side of Plaza.

BRAN,
MIDDINGS,
GROUND FEED,
ROLLED BARLEY,
ROLLED OATS,
CRACKED CORN
AND FEED OF ALL KINDS.

BEST FAMILY FLOUR

Choice Grain Seed of All Kinds.
JULIUS FOCHETTI,
PROPRIETOR.

COURT PROCEEDINGS.

DEPARTMENT ONE—CRAWFORD J.

People vs. Bill Arnold—Motion for new trial denied; sentenced to three years in San Quentin; ten days stay of judgment.

People vs. H. G. Ammerman—Continued.

People vs. N. Just—Continued.

People vs. Ah Patsy—Continued to October 12th.

Chas. Dalpogetto vs. J. H. C. Lafferty—Continued to October 12th.

People vs. Angelo Cinquinni—Continued.

People vs. Jack Woha—Arraignment set for October 12th.

Davis & Son vs. Hugren & Anderson—Demurrer to second amended complaint overruled; ten days to answer.

Estate of Maggie A. Cox—Final account settled and allowed.

Estate of B. Hoffstetter, deceased—Continued.

Estate and guardianship of Chester A. Ingalls, minor—Continued to October 12th.

Estate of Chas. K. Bennett—Transferred to Department One.

Estate of George J. Matthews—Annual account settled and allowed.

Estate of Elizabeth Taylor—Final account settled and allowed.

Estate of Martha A. Fruts—Petition to sell private property submitted.

DEPARTMENT TWO—DOUGHERTY J.

In re Charles M. Butts, insolvent—Fred Tartter elected assignee; bond \$650 and order granted exempting private property.

Bank of Sonoma Co. vs. G. L. Schell—Continued to October 12th.

V. Schmidt vs. C. Schmidt—Plaintiff ordered to pay defendant within 15 days \$50 counsel fees, \$25 costs and \$25 per month beginning Sept. 1st; appointment of receiver taken under consideration.

In re Pietro Cheda, insolvent—Re-submitted and taken under advisement.

C. E. Mathieson vs. Taylor Spottswood—Continued to October 12th.

Hans Kroger vs. Robert Haight et al.—Set for trial November 18th; defendant to have ten days personal notice.

In re Chas. K. Bennett, deceased—Continued.

Douglas Badger vs. Sam J. Allen et al.—Continued to and including October 10th.

Larrabee vs. Cloverdale—Defendant withdraws motion to strike out; case to be set October 12th.

W. B. Sanborn vs. Emma Sanborn—Referred.

Egner vs. Rudinger—Set for October 29th.

Mary Kerridge vs. Fred J. Kerridge—Referred.

DEPARTMENT THREE—MILLER J.

People vs. Bill Arnold—Continued.

People vs. H. G. Ammerman—Continued.

People vs. N. Just—Continued.

People vs. Ah Patsy—Continued to October 12th.

Chas. Dalpogetto vs. J. H. C. Lafferty—Continued to October 12th.

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Estate of Martha A. Fruts—Petition to sell private property submitted.

DEPARTMENT FOUR—MILLER J.

People vs. Bill Arnold—Continued.

People vs. H. G. Ammerman—Continued.

People vs. N. Just—Continued.

People vs. Ah Patsy—Continued to October 12th.

Chas. Dalpogetto vs. J. H. C. Lafferty—Continued to October 12th.

People vs. Angelo Cinquinni—Continued.

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DEPARTMENT FIVE—MILLER J.

People vs. Bill Arnold—Continued.

People vs. H. G. Ammerman—Continued.

People vs. N. Just—Continued.

People vs. Ah Patsy—Continued to October 12th.

Chas. Dalpogetto vs. J. H. C. Lafferty—Continued to October 12th.

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Estate of Elizabeth Taylor—Final account settled and allowed.

Estate of Martha A. Fruts—Petition to sell private property submitted.

DEPARTMENT SIX—MILLER J.

People vs. Bill Arnold—Continued.

People vs. H. G. Ammerman—Continued.

People vs. N. Just—Continued.

People vs. Ah Patsy—Continued to October 12th.

Chas. Dalpogetto vs. J. H. C. Lafferty—Continued to October 12th.

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Estate of Martha A. Fruts—Petition to sell private property submitted.

DEPARTMENT SEVEN—MILLER J.

People vs. Bill Arnold—Continued.

People vs. H. G. Ammerman—Continued.

People vs. N. Just—Continued.

People vs. Ah Patsy—Continued to October 12th.

Chas. Dalpogetto vs. J. H. C. Lafferty—Continued to October 12th.

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Estate of Martha A. Fruts—Petition to sell private property submitted.

MISCELLANEOUS.

House & Lot

FOR SALE.

Located on Broadway. A very desirable home. Only \$1500. For further particulars apply to

H. H. GRANICE,

Real Estate Agent, Sonoma.

NOTICE

TO TAX-PAYERS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN

I. That all taxes in the City of Sonoma for the year 1898-7 on all personal property secured by real property and one-half of the taxes on real property will be due and payable on the

First Monday in October, 1896,

And will be delinquent on the

Third Monday in November

Next thereafter at 6 o'clock p. m., and that unless paid prior thereto, fifteen per cent. will be added to the amount thereof, and that if said one-half be not paid before the

First Monday in February

Next at 6 o'clock p. m., an additional five per cent. will be added thereto.

II. That the remaining one-half of the taxes on all real property will be payable on and after the

First Monday of January

Next, and will be delinquent on the

First Monday in February

Thereafter at 6 o'clock p. m., and that unless paid prior thereto five per cent will be added to the amount thereof, and that liens will attach after the

First Monday in March, 1897,

At 6 o'clock p. m.

III. That all taxes may be paid at the time when the first installment, as herein provided, is due and payable.

IV. Taxes may be paid at the City Hall on any day, Sundays excepted, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 4 p. m.

J. EUGENE ROBIN,

City Tax Collector.

Sonoma, September 30th, 1896.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Shoes

We have concluded to close out our stock of Ladies' Shoes, and if we can fit you you can buy these shoes at less than wholesale cost.

COOKING

Have you seen the new Crucible Ware for cooking purposes. Finest thing on earth for cooking fruit, etc. Cannot burn. retains heat. Ask to see it.

Sewing Machines

We are sole agents for the New Wheeler & Wilson 9 ball bearing sewing machines. Lightest running and best machines in existence. Come and try them.

DUHRING'S

Wholesale and Retail Dealers.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers.

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POLITICAL CARDS.

Under this head candidates for the various offices will be announced. Fee \$5, strictly in advance.

INDEX-TRIBUNE

SONOMA, OCTOBER 10, 1896.

CITY OFFICIAL PAPER.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Death of Geo. W. Sparks.

Geo. W. Sparks, one of Sonoma's oldest citizens, and United States Bonded Warehouse Keeper, died at his home on Broadway in this place on Thursday evening last. He took to his bed last week immediately after his return from Santa Rosa, where he had been attending to the business of the bonded warehouse in that city during the month of September. The immediate cause of his death was jaundice. The deceased was for many years City Marshal and Constable in this place, which position he resigned a few years ago to accept the keepership of the bonded warehouse. He was a member of Temple Lodge, No. 14, F. & A. M. Mr. Sparks was a native of Owens county, Kentucky, and was aged 57 years. His funeral will take place to-day from his late residence.

An Unlucky Trip.

Saturday John McMinn, Jr., of this city started for Sonoma. Near Kenwood he saw a runaway horse coming. It was drawing a cart. With the assistance of another gentleman he caught the animal. About a half mile from Kenwood Mr. McMinn found George Jepson lying in the road. One of his legs had been broken above the knee. A physician was summoned and then Mr. McMinn continued his journey to Sonoma. At Sonoma he found that G. W. Sparks, government storekeeper, was very ill. On his way home Mr. McMinn's horse was taken sick and he was compelled to leave it at Melita. He went for the horse Sunday and found that it was dead. All in all Mr. McMinn thinks his trip to Sonoma was rather an unlucky one.—S. R. Press.

St. Francis' Church.

The shingling of the roof and the laying of the floor of the new St. Francis' Church have been completed. Painting and plastering will be immediately begun and the church, which will be an improvement on the old edifice, which was destroyed by fire a few months ago, will be completed by the middle of November. It will be an ornament to Sonoma, and its pastor, Rev. Father J. M. Whyte, deserves much praise for his commendable public spirit in raising Phoenix-like from the ashes of the old church, in so short a time, an elegant new structure in its stead.

Sonoma Feed Mills.

The attention of the farmers of Sonoma Valley and others is called to the new adv. of the Sonoma Feed Mills. Julius Pochetti, the proprietor, has lately erected one of the largest gasoline engines in the county, which furnishes the motive power for his mills. In addition to feed of all kinds, which he sells at lowest market prices in any quantity desired, he also carries the best brand of family flour in the market. He has also just received a large quantity of choice grain seed, which our farmers would do well to call and examine.

Arrested and Fined.

L. Cohen, a peddler of tinware, was arrested last Monday near Embarcadero for peddling without a license. The arrest was made by Deputy Sheriff Ohm, who brought his prisoner into town and lodged a complaint against him before Judge Cheney on the above charge. Cohen pleaded guilty and on Tuesday morning was fined \$10 by his Honor, which he paid and went on his way rejoicing.

Keegan at Glen Ellen.

John W. Keegan, candidate for the Assembly from this district, addressed a rousing meeting at Glen Ellen last Saturday evening. The gentleman delivered an able address and demonstrated to those present that he is the right man to represent them in the Legislature.

Trout Fishing.

Several fine catches of trout in Sonoma Creek have been reported the past week. The fish vary in size from six to nine inches in length. For the most part the small streams tributary to Sonoma Creek are either dried up or fished out.

Raised to a Presidential Office.

The Sonoma Postoffice has been raised from a fourth class to a Presidential office with a salary of \$1,100 a year. The change went into effect on October 1st.

ACCIDENT.

An Old Sonoma Resident May Lose an Arm.

A private dispatch from Downieville, Sierra county, states that S. H. Shaw, father of Miss Susie Shaw, a teacher in the Sonoma Public School, and who has resided in this valley for many years, while mining near that place last Thursday, met with an accident which may cause him the loss of one of his arms. The arm is badly crushed and it is feared it will have to be amputated. No further particulars have been received up to the hour of going to press. Mr. Shaw left Sonoma, where his family still reside, for the mines in Sierra county over a year ago, where he had mined in the early sixties.

Narrow Escape.

Chas. Carhill, foreman of the Prunty ranch, had a narrow escape from serious injury on Tuesday afternoon last. He had just had his wagon repaired by Cheney & Leech and mounting the seat was about to start for home, when the horses suddenly turned and the heavy wagon was upset. Mr. Carhill was thrown violently to the ground but fortunately fell clear of both wagon and horses, and escaped with slight bruises. The accident was caused by the check reins on the leaders becoming unfastened. Mr. Carhill, with rare presence of mind, held on to the reins and jumping to his feet, with the assistance of bystanders, stopped the animals before any damage was done.

Rat Up His Pantaloon Leg.

City Trustee Modini had an experience on Wednesday morning last that he will not soon forget. He has a fine terror which is death on rats. On the morning in question he espied a large rodent coming out of a hole alongside of the curbing in front of his hotel. After the rat had got five or six feet away Mr. Modini covered the hole with his foot and called to his dog, which immediately responded and went for the rodent, which attempted to re-enter the hole. Finding this impossible the rat retreated up Mr. Modini's pantaloons leg and nearly scared him out of his boots. He seized the animal just as it reached the vicinity of his trousers pockets and held on until he had squeezed the life out of it. Fortunately he escaped being bit by the animal, which was a very vicious one.

Shooting Season Opens Thursday.

The open season for quail and duck commences next Thursday. Quail are not as plentiful as they ought to be owing to the depredations of the blue jay and those hunters who shoot the birds out of season when they are paired off. A new enemy to the bird has lately been discovered in this valley. It is the common ground squirrel. This pest has been known to raid the nests of quail and devour every egg, not even leaving as much as an atom of the shell behind to tell the tale of its voraciousness. Ducks, especially mallard, are reported plentiful in the marshes and sloughs bordering Sonoma creek a few miles south of town.

Trout for Graham Canyon.

The San Francisco and North Pacific Railway Company placed 50,000 young trout in Graham Canyon, near Glen Ellen one day this week. The trout, which are about one month old, were transported under the direction of A. V. Lamotte, one of the most expert pisciculturists in California.

Will Change Their Quarters.

Campinelli & Olivieri, the well-known Italian merchants, have leased the McMackin building adjoining the postoffice, recently occupied by G. H. Cornelius, and will take possession on November 1st.

New Photograph Gallery in Petaluma.

My new gallery, built to my order and furnished with the best modern appliances, is located on the ground floor, first door below Wickerham's Bank. My prices are very low. My work is as good as the best done in San Francisco. Fancy Cards, \$1.50; Cabinets, \$3; Paris Panels, \$5.00 and \$6.00 per dozen. See the photographs which I enlarge by a new process. Far ahead of the cheap crayons. I will make you a fine large one, 14x17, only \$1.50, and larger sizes in proportion. Come and see my work. E. R. Healy.

Parties having dried fruit of any kind, in small or large quantities, to sell will consult their interests by calling upon or addressing John Batto & Son, Vineyard Station.

THE LUCKY BIDDER

J. G. Marcy of this Place Awarded the Feeble Minded Home Contract.

J. G. Marcy of this place, who recently put in a bid for laying a pipe line from the Rolette spring to the reservoir on the grounds of the Home for Feeble Minded Children, was awarded the contract at a meeting of the Trustees held in San Francisco last Wednesday. His bid was accepted and he will begin work immediately. There were a large number of competitors for the work but Mr. Marcy's bid, 35c per foot for 4-inch standard pipe 10.72 pounds per foot, being the most satisfactory was accepted.

DEMOCRATIC MEETING.

A Large and Enthusiastic Gathering. Welcome Cutler and Keegan.

A large and enthusiastic meeting of Democrats and Populists was held Wednesday evening in Union Hall under the auspices of the Bryan Silver Club. The hall was decorated with flowers, ferns, pampas plumes and American flags, the handiwork of the Democratic ladies of Sonoma. The meeting was called to order by Hon. Robt. Howe, President of the Bryan Silver Club, who introduced F. A. Cutler, nominee for Congress. The speaker was received with great enthusiasm, and during the course of his speech he was frequently interrupted with applause. Cutler was followed by John W. Keegan, candidate for the Assembly from the Seventeenth District, who was given an ovation in which Republicans as well as Democrats and Populists joined. The Bryan Glee Club, composed of Clark Gaines, Benj. Weed, Jas. Small, Vernon Goodwin and J. B. Small, entertained the audience with a number of peppy campaign songs, which created a great deal of merriment and won for them several encores. The meeting, which wound up with a social hop, was one of the most successful ever held by the Democrats in this town.

St. Francis' Church Fair.

The Fair in aid of St. Francis' Church will open in Union Hall on Wednesday, October 21st, and continue three days. A musical and literary programme will be furnished each evening by local and San Francisco talent. On Saturday evening the Cadets of the League of the Cross from San Francisco will give a minstrel performance. It is the intention of Father Whyte and the ladies of the church to make this Fair exceed all previous efforts.

GLEN ELLEN ITEMS.

The meeting last Saturday evening held under the auspices of the Bryan Club was well attended. A new roof adorns the Pioneer Saloon. The proprietor desires that his customers shall at least be dry overhead.

Grapes are being delivered to the wineries in large quantities. Good prices are obtained and growers are jubilant.

M. E. Bones is hauling wood to Petaluma, and seldom misses an opportunity while on the road to boom Bryan and Free Silver.

Mr. Benjamin of Bennett Valley is making daily trips to the Chauvet winery. His opinion differs from that of Mr. Bones, inasmuch as he claims that the American people are anxious to vote for McKinley.

Thomas Johnson of this place will speak next Saturday evening at Native Sons' Hall. His subject will be equal suffrage, silver and labor.

Mrs. C. H. H. Brunning has gone to San Francisco for medical treatment. She has been suffering considerable of late with inflammatory rheumatism.

T. C. Putnam, Republican candidate for Supervisor, was in town a few days the past week.

A church social will be held at the residence of J. V. Miner on October 16th.

REMINGTON, Glen Ellen, Oct. 8, 1896.

BREVITIES.

Labor Day was observed in this place by the closing of the public schools.

The weather the past week has been excessively warm, the thermometer varying between 90 and 100 degrees in the shade after 12 o'clock, M.

Wanted—A young lady or gentleman student to board and lodge at a desirable residence in Sonoma. Apply at this office.

H. S. Gutermute, 713 Washington street, Petaluma, makes a specialty of sign painting.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

PERSONAL AND SOCIAL

And Other Matters of Interest to the General Reader.

(Contributed by Marjorie Dow.)

Items of a personal and social nature are thankfully received at this office and will be edited by Marjorie Dow.

Mrs. C. F. Leiding of Oakland is visiting her sister Mrs. E. Rufus of this place.

Mrs. Wicker of San Francisco came up last Wednesday evening to spend a few days at her old home, the Rufus farm.

Miss Ella Durrant has been spending the past week with relatives in Davisville.

Miss Eva Prunty visited San Francisco last Saturday and Sunday.

Geo. Small, after an absence of several months, has returned to Sonoma.

Mrs. W. P. Elliott visited her sons Stewart and Malcolm last Sunday.

Mrs. H. H. Davis visited friends in San Francisco last Sunday.

A fine new pipe organ has been presented to the Congregational Church of this place by Mrs. O. W. Craig.

Mrs. Marie Chase, after a pleasant visit to her old Sonoma home, returned Saturday to San Francisco.

Miss Flora Levy has been visiting her friend Miss Gillan this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Whitfield of San Francisco were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lutgens several days this week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Leutholtz have sold their home in this place to Bailey M. Birdsall, the consideration named in the deed being \$550. Mr. and Mrs. Leutholtz have taken up their residence in San Rafael.

Rev. Mr. Hotle has been very ill the past week with typhoid pneumonia.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Abshire are rejoicing over the birth of a new baby, born to them at their home in San Rafael last week.

C. D. Clawson and his sister, Miss Pauline, returned Sunday from a visit to the metropolis.

Never be alarmed if a living insect enters the ear. Pouring warm water into the canal will drown it, when it will generally come to the surface and can easily be removed with the fingers. A few puffs of tobacco smoke blown into the ear will stupefy the insect.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Laux visited San Francisco last Tuesday.

Wm. Murray, the well-known dairyman, transacted business in the metropolis Tuesday.

Frank Burris was a passenger on the south bound Donahue train last Tuesday morning.

G. A. Weir and family spent last Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Bill.

Clark Gaines visited San Francisco one day this week.

The best way to clean a Brussels carpet is to lay it face down on the grass, and beat it as it lies there, then by the corners drag it over clean grass to brush off the loose dust.

W. W. Ellis is visiting Sonoma friends.

T. Storm, a former resident of this place, is the guest of Sonoma Valley friends.

Hon. Robt. Howe visited Santa Rosa last Monday.

G. W. Clark is having his residence on Broadway painted and otherwise improved.

A South American lady is quoted as saying that some time ago, in the absence of water, of which there was a great dearth at the time, she washed her face with some of the juice of a watermelon. The result was so soothing that she repeatedly washed her face in this manner, and her astonishment was great a few days later on seeing that there was not a freckle left on her previously befreckled face.

Get Our Prices on Groceries.

Nauert's : Cash : Store,

Cheapest Place in Town.

Cor. Main and B Sts.

PETALUMA, CAL.

BREVITIES.

H. S. Gutermute, sign painter and dealer in paints, glass, wall paper, artists' materials, varnishes, etc., 713 Washington street, Petaluma, Cal.

In Germany the men as well as the women wear wedding rings. When either dies the survivor wears both.

If a pinch of powdered alum is stirred into the batter of which ginger snaps are to be made the snaps will be more crisp and brittle.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Place To Trade.

HEMENWAY & McALLISTER GROCERS.

McNear's Building, Lower Main st., Petaluma.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THOMAS ROACH,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

Groceries, Provisions, Butter, Cheese & Feed

Masonic Temple, Corner Main St. and Western Ave.

PETALUMA, CAL.

HALE BROS. & CO'S NEW ADVERTISEMENT.

Hale Bros & Co

PETALUMA

Always in the Lead.

Largest Stocks.

Lowest Prices.

SPECIAL BARGAINS FOR OCTOBER.

Ten cents per yard—Extra heavy fleecy Canton Flannel, very special at 10c per yd.
Ten cents per yard—Heavy quality Shirting Flannelettes, new patterns 10c per yd.
Five cents per yard—Calicoes, Gingham, Tennis Flannels, Unbleached. Muslin, all at 5c per yd.
\$1.00 per pair—White or Gray Cotton Blankets, fleecy, warm kind. Special at \$1.00 per pr.
Fifty cent per yard—Heavy German Table Linen, half bleached or bleached, 50c per yd.
Twenty-five cents per yard—New fancy mixed Cheviot Dress Goods and Henriettas, special at 25c per yd.
Fifty cents per yard—Extra wide Navy Blue and Black Storm Serges, also Fancy Dress Goods, 50c per yd.
Thirty-five cents per yard—Navy Blue, Scarlet and Gray heavy twilled Flannels, worth 50c for 35c per yd.
Seventy-five cents per yard—54 inch, Tan or Gray, all wool, Covert Cloths, make fine suits, 75c per yd.
Fifty cents per yard—Extra fine, all wool, Black Henriettas and Serges, extra value 50c per yd.
Twenty-five cents each—Ladies' Jersey Ribbed Undervests and Pants, heavy weight 25c each.
Fifty cents each—Ladies' white merino and white or ecru Jersey Ribb Underwear, 50c each.
Twenty five cents—Children's white or tan Merino Underwear, very special 25c each.
Fifteen cents per pair—Mens' wire buckle Suspenders and Farmers' Braces, special 15c per pr.
Twenty-five cents per pair—Mens' heavy yarn knit Socks, equal to home made, special 25c per pr.
Ten cents each—Mens' and Boys' Teck Ties, light and dark colors, special at 10c.
\$4.50 each—Ladies' and Misses' Navy Blue and Black Beaver Jackete, new styles, \$4.50 each.
\$5.00 each—Mens' and Boys' Suits and Overcoats, great variety of styles, \$5.00 each.
\$7.50—Mens' Suits, Overcoats or Ulsters, big line to pick from, \$7.50.
Seventy-five cents per pair—Children's odds and ends in fine or coarse Shoes, worth double for 75c per pr.
\$1.00 per pair—Misses, Childrens and Boys' fine and heavy Shoes, cut in price, only \$1.00 per pr.
\$1.50—Mens' or Ladies' fine medium or coarse Shoes big line, \$1.50 per pr.
\$2.00—Mens' or Ladies' fine and heavy Dress or Work Shoes, extra quality, \$2.00 per pr.

New Ideas for Womens' Wear, a new Fashion Book, price 5c Copy, 50c Year.

Sample copies sent free. Stamps taken for subscriptions.

Hale Bros & Co.

STRICTLY ONE PRICE.

SONOMA INDEX - TRIBUNE.

SONOMA, SATURDAY, OCT. 10, 1896.

THE MEN WHO LIVE ALONE.

Ho, ho, ha, ha, the jolly men
Who live alone. Why, yes,
We have our homes—that is, I guess
The rent of a den.
There's like to mine and have a place—
Up high sometimes, you know.
But that's a splendid thing to brag
A fellow up who's alone.
As climbing, and they're not too small
Nor yet too large. Now, mine
Is snug and warm, except when all
The oil's burned out, and fine.
But, my, my view across the street
Is well, disturbing. Say,
Not quite so bad, because it's sweet
And good. But every day
Or evening I can look across
Through windows clear and bright
And see a father romp and toss
His youngsters in the light
That glows from out his fire and see
His wife look smiling on
And kiss the babies lovingly
Until the picture's gone.
They pull the curtain down, and then
I'm cheerful as a stone.
And laugh—ha, ha, the jolly men
Who live in "rooms" alone! —Vanity.

THE ARTIST'S STORY.

"I tell you, ladies," declared hand-
some and cynical Wilton Robley, the
artist, "a fortune teller showed me the
image of my wife two years before I
ever saw her in the flesh and thousands
of miles from the place I first met her."
"You are the last man in the world
whose mind I would think obscured by
the clouds of mysticism," replied the
rich Mrs. Austyn, his friend and patron.
"You have never shown any patience
with the charlatans who pretend to ex-
pose and expound the secrets that a wise
providence has ordained we should not
fathom. And yet you are taking our
credulity with a statement that would
be marvelous if true."

"I must insist upon my veracity in
this instance," smiled the artist.
"Now, don't stop to argue, mamma,"
urged the elder of the Austyn girls.
"There is a story in this, and after Mr.
Robley has told it you can reclaim him
from the darkness of his superstitions
and air your theories. Now, do tell us
all about it," and three pretty sisters
sighed their curiosity in chorus.

"Just so. You don't ask me to ex-
plain," said the artist with a quizzical
look. "I shall give you the remarkable
facts and leave you to wrestle with
them. Eight years ago I was in Paris
pursuing my studies and lived the life
of a Bohemian from choice rather than
from necessity. We fellows held the re-
sponsibilities of life very lightly and
laughed at all human phenomena that
would not yield to the test of material-
ism. I was chief among the scoffers and
found barefaced fraud in everything
from clairvoyance to the piercing of the
future through the medium of tea
grounds."

"Then, as now, I occasionally broke
entirely away from my usual surround-
ings and was one day sauntering along
through Rue de Bugey. As I passed one
of the most pretentious houses I was
startled by a scream for help and dashed
through the open doorway to find a
woman battling with flames that with
great leaps and flashes were consuming
the white draperies of what struck me
as a consecrated altar out of place. Our
combined efforts soon mastered the in-
cipient conflagration. As the woman
unloaded my hands with some soothing
lotion I saw that she was as dark as a
gypsy. Her hair rippled back from her
forehead in waves of blue black, her
eyes were brilliant in the same deep
coloring, and her strong, even teeth
suggested polished ivory. She was an
amazon in size, yet the sweeping curves
of beauty were such as to fascinate the
artist, while her motions were as sup-
ple and graceful as those of a tiger."

"You are a gentleman, and there is
but one way in which I can offer return
for your service," she said as I turned to
leave. Her voice was soft as the notes
of a lute, and her accent gave unusu-
ally charming to my mother tongue.
"I was born of the sacred Vedas and
the pure doctrine of Karma I attained
the power of divination. Your people
would classify me among fortune tell-
ers, but I am poles apart from the vul-
gar humbugs that trade upon ignorance
and superstition. Promise you will come
tomorrow, for I am upset by this ac-
cident. Then I will be both your historian
and your prophet. I shall count on you,
m'hem?"

"Though I mentally sneered at the
woman's pretensions and lay awake
half the night assuring myself that I
would never seek her out, I was at her
door ten minutes before the appointed
time next day. She had either assumed
her professional air or was under the
spell of her supernatural attainments. I
will not describe the 'inner temple of
mysteries' to which she conducted me,
but in the weird effect of its hangings,
mirrors, grotesque carvings and mythic-
al symbols it challenges the most hard-
ened skepticism. Throwing the whole
light of a golden light upon my face
with a powerful reflector, she general-
ized upon my past life as any shrewd
judge of human nature might do. Then,
suddenly knitting her brows and lean-
ing closer, she slowly spelled out 'Mar-
cia Arnold.'"

"That is the name of the girl you
will marry," she announced in a dreamy
voice, "and there you see her."
"With that the lights faded and there
followed the darkness of a dungeon. Oppo-
site me as if in life was the image of
the sweet and beautiful woman you
know as Mrs. Robley. Never before
had I been dominated by the tender pas-
sion, but there I was fathoms deep in
love with what might have been an en-
chanting illusion or a superb painting.
So deeply was I impressed that doubt I
leaving in a bewilderment of doubt I
deliberately impressed upon my memory."

"Eighteen months later I was in
southern California, enjoying the medi-
cinal virtues of the climate and finding
subjects in some of the delightful secu-
rity. One morning I had my easel at the
edge of a wooded precipice overlooking
a charming spread of landscape. The
velvet carpeting of grass and moss had

failed to warn me of approaching foot-
steps, and when I turned it was the
startled movement caused by a half sup-
pressed scream. There were two ladies,
the elder anxiously supporting the
younger, whose face was blanched and
whose eyes were staring apparition.
It was the girl the Indian sorceress had
shown me in Paris, but what did she
know of me?

"What can be the matter, daugh-
ter?" asked the elder. "You have always
been so strong and vigorous."
"Is your name Henry Morton?" asked
the younger of me, without heeding
the mother's question.
"It is Wilton Robley," I responded
quietly. At that instant it flashed upon
me that in a desire to conceal my iden-
tity I had given the name of Henry Mor-
ton to the fortune teller. Then, with
the inspiration of an anxious lover, I
added, "But I have a cousin of that
name, who bears a striking resemblance
to me."

"My immediate reward was a revival
of strength and spirits on the part of
the young lady. The mother introduced
herself as Mrs. Gilson, her daughter as
Miss Gilson, and then said, "Lucy, we
had best get back to the hotel."
"Lucy Gilson?" And yet it was her
presence that had been conjured up as
my bride to be. She was the girl of my
sketch and my dreams. The next day I
called at the hotel and inquired after
her. I called often. We walked, drove,
painted and boated together. I came to
know through the intuition of love that
she was not indifferent to me. One
evening as we drifted lazily through
the water lilies she handed me a sketch
of myself and asked, "Is that a picture
of Henry Morton?"

"It's perfect," I answered, though
dumfounded. A shadow of anger crossed
her face, and she was about to tear the
picture to pieces when I caught her
hands and suddenly showed the repro-
duction of herself that I had made in
Paris. It was her turn to be surprised,
and when I told her of my experience
at the fortune teller's on Rue de Bugey,
giving her the date, she quickly ex-
claimed:

"Why, I was there with Marcia Ar-
nold. Mamma and I did Europe that
season, and we two girls visited that
Indian princess just for a lark. That
was where I saw Henry Morton, whom
I was told fate had decreed as my fu-
ture husband."
"Before we rowed home it was all
explained, and the sequel of our strange
experience was a happy marriage. The
dusky prophetess who had confused the
name of the two girls was a cultivated
fraud. It was all a trick of the mirrors,
ladies." —Detroit Free Press.

The Desecration of Scenery.

Ten years ago, we are assured, hardly
a letter of the alphabet could have been
described, either on the Surrey or the
Middlesex shore of the Thames, but now
mills, wharves, hotels, chimney stacks
and sheds seem to vie with one another
in the exhibition of these huge painted
placards, which are an abomination to
the eye and an effectual bar to the im-
provement of London from an aesthetic
point of view. But if any one is san-
guine enough to suppose that "business
men" will give up the system on the
ground that, while it annoys other peo-
ple, it does not benefit themselves, we
are afraid he is doomed to disappoint-
ment. The people who go to the expense
of putting up these placards must know
best whether they are of any use, and it
can hardly be spent money on them un-
less they were. Whether many among
them would be found public spirited
enough to sacrifice the advantage de-
rived from such erections to the mere
love of the beautiful—which, unhappi-
ly, has not that influence among Eng-
lishmen which it possesses in some other
countries—we should be disposed to
doubt. —London Standard.

Eating Slowly.

The opinion that hurry in eating is a
prolific cause of dyspepsia is founded on
common observation. The ill results of
bolting food have been attributed to the
lack of thorough mastication and to the
incomplete action of the saliva upon the
food. Two thirds of the food which we
eat is starch, and starch cannot be pil-
lized in the system as food until it has
been converted into sugar, and this
change is principally effected by the
saliva. But there is a third reason why
rapidity of eating interferes with diges-
tion. The presence of the salivary secre-
tion in the stomach acts as a stimulus
to the secretion of the gastric juice. In-
respect to the food which goes into the
stomach, incompletely mingled with
saliva passes slowly and imperfectly
through the process of stomach diges-
tion. Therefore, as a sanitary maxim,
of no mean value, teach the children to
eat slowly, and in giving this instruc-
tion by example the teacher as well as
the pupil may receive benefit. —Troy Times.

Sleeping a Fine Art.

Most persons labor under the delusion
that sleep is a natural function, and
that slumber is a state that requires no
preparation. Given a bed and a certain
hour of the evening, and sleep follows
in their simple creed. As a matter of
fact they find that they do not always
sleep when they think they should, but
it never occurs to them that their the-
ory is wrong. But it is. Sleep is a state
requiring careful preparation, and with-
out that preparation its best results can-
not be obtained.

The Minister Did It.

"Kinnowinskootskor has the most
unmanageable name on earth. He says
there never was but one individual
who endeavored to designate him upon
first acquaintance."

"Who was that?"
"The clergyman who married him.
He looked at Kinney for a moment,
glanced at a card in his hand and then
said, 'I pronounce—' I pronounce you
man and wife.'" —Philadelphia Call.

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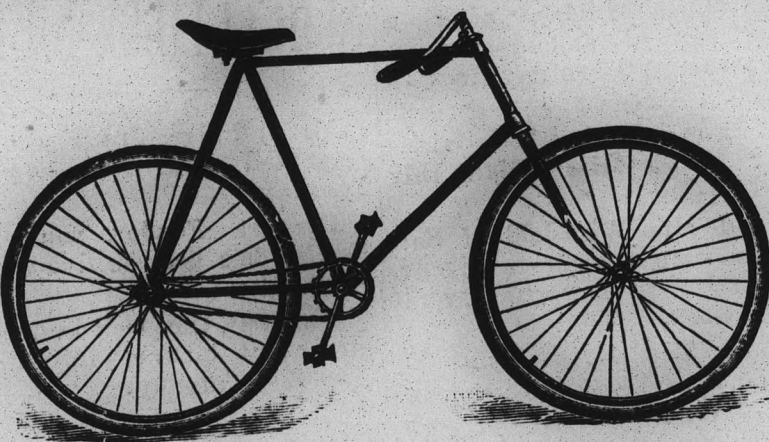
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